Bringing in Coine, a Cart-load at the least,
And all your followers mounted on good horse,
Or neuer come disgracefull to vs all.

Beu. Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer,
Ten thousand pound's the least that you can bring.

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, too and fro: vpon occasion I haue ten thousand pound to spend, and ten too. And rather then the Bishop shall haue his will of me for my Conscience, it shall all. Flame and flaxe, flaxe and flame. it was got with water and Malt, and it shall flye with fire & Gunpowder. Sir Roger, a cart-load of money till the Axletree cracke; my selfe and my men in Ficket field on Friday next: remember my Knight-hood and my place: ther's my hand Ile be there. *Exit*

Act. See what ambition may perswade men too,
In hope of honor he will spend himselfe.

Bou. I neuer thought a Brewer halfe so rich.

Beu. Was neuer bankerout Brewer yet but one,
With vsing too much Malt, too little water.

Act. That's no fault in Brewers now adayes:
Come, away about our businesse. *Exeunt*

Enter K. Harry, Suffolke, Butler, Oldcastle kneeling to the King.

K. Tis not enough Lord Cobham to submit,
You must forsake your grosse opinion;
The Bishops finde themselues much iniured,
And though for some good seruice you haue done,
We for our part are pleasd to pardon you,
Yet they will not so soone be satisfied.

Cob. My gracious Lord, vnto your Maiesty,
Next vnto my God, I owe my life;
And what is mine, either by Natures gift,
Or fortunes bountie, all is at your seruice.
But for obedience to the Pope of Rome,
I owe him none; nor shall his shaueling Priests
That are in England, alter my beleefe.

If out of holy Scripture they can
That I am in an error, I will yeel
And gladly take instruction at t
But otherwise, I do beseech you
My conscience may not be incro

King. We would be loath to
Much lesse their soules, the deer
Of him that is the ruler of vs all
Yet let me counsell you, that m
Do not presume to tempt them
Nor suffer any meetings to be h
Within your house, but to the
Disperse the flockes of this nev

Cob. My Liege, if any breath
And say, my life in any of these
Deserues th'attainder of ignob
Heere stand I, craving no reme
But euen the vtmost rigour ma

King. Let it suffice we knov
What haue you there?

Cob. A deede of clemency,
Your highnesse pardon for Lo
Which I did beg, aud you my
Of gracious fauour did vouch

Kin. But yet it is not signed

Cob. Not yet my Liege.

Kin. The fact you say was d
Not of pretensed malice, but

Cob. Vpon mine honor so,

Kin. There is his pardon, bi
And clense his soule to God f
What we remit, is but the bo
How now Lord byshop?

Bish. Iustice dread Souerai
As thou art King, so grant I n

Kin. What meanes this exc

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